





MR GREAT NEW MAGAZINE THAT DARES TO BE DIFFERENT YOU'VE NEVER SEEN AMOTHER LIKE THIS ONE ! THE SWEETEST ROMANCES THIS SIDE OF HEAVIEN - BUT THAT'S OWN THE SEED OF HEAVIEN - BUT THAT'S OWN THE SEED OF HEAVIEN - BUT THAT'S OWN THE KIND THAT CAN COME TO YOU! IT'S GRIPPING, PULSING - WITH EVERY HEART THOSE PACKING A PUNCH-AND A SURPRISE! IT'S THE ONE LOVE MAGAZINE YOU'LL LOVE!



DON'T MISS THESE TERRIFIC TWINS!

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NAOM: - DAUGHTER: WHAT CAN I SAY? YOU KNOW YOUR MOM'S BEEN SICK, THE RENT'S DUE, BILLS TO BE PAID THERE'S NOT ENOUGH MONEY! I---I'M SORRY

LOOK AT THE POURTH STREET! HE'S GOT A JOB LIKE YOURS, AND GRACE QUINN HAS PLENTY TO WEAR!

ENOUGH MONEY!

QUINN'S BEEN REPORTING A LOT OF PACKAGE LOSSES LATELY ALL THE PRIVERS KNOW HE'S BEEN SELLING THOSE PACKAGES. "TO A FENCE! THAT'S WHERE FROM, NAOM! WOULD HOULD TO BE LIKE BO QUINN."

A THIE ED QUINN."

A THEE FO



8 DIDN'T EVEN HEAR MY FATHER'S VOICE! I KNEW OMLY ONE THING..."







































"3" WAS AT WAR WITH MYSELF! ON ONE SIDE WAS MY REAL HONESTY, THE DECENT MAY I'D BEEN RAISED! ON THE OTHER, WAS MY HATED AND FEAR OF POVERTY... AND MY LOVE FOR BUZZ!"

I BELIEVE YOU, PARLING! IT 15
ONLY BORROWING IGHT IT FAND
YOU WILL MAKE IT GOOD ? I...
I'LL DO IT, BUZZ ... BECAUSE
I LOVE YOU!



"BUZZ PUT ME TO WORK...SHOWED ME 'THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE', AS HE CALLED THEM! ALL THAT TIME, I WAS ASHAMED AND FRIGHTENED... I COULDN'T WAIT FOR THAT MONTH TO END!



DE COUNT LASTNDOUBLE TO COUNT TO COUN







SILLY KID! WHO'D EVER SUSPECT A DAME RICH ENOUGH TO ASK FOR THE BLAZ DOB! THE BLAZ DOB! THE BLAZ DOB! THE BLAZ DOB! THE SUSPECT THE SUSPEC





THE BLAKE DIAMOND? I'M AWARE OF THAT...
THAT IT IS PRICED AT MAY I SEE \$100,000? IT, PLEASE?



"S WATCHED HIM TURN TOWARDS THE VAULT! BUZZ'S INSTRUCTIONS RANG IN MY EARS AS MY FINGERS DARTED TO AN UNGUARDED TRA

JUST TAKE WHAT I CAN-AND GET OUT! OH, BUZZ,



E RETURNED WITH THE FABULOUS DIAMOND! I KNEW I HAD TO SAY SOME-THING ... FAST --- AND LEAVE! I LOOKED AT THE PRECIOUS BAUBLE..."

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT I DON'T THINK IT WILL DO FOR ME! THANK YOU AND ..



OUR BURGLAR ALARM









THOSE MEN THREATENING THE LIGHTS KNEW ONLY I HAD TO PROTECT BUZZ!











TWO YEARS OF DREARY HOPE LESSNESS! BY PAY, I WORKED IN THE PRISON LAUNDRY MY HANDS RAW WITH SCRUBBING! AND MY MIND WAS RAW WITH BITTER THOUGHTS:

HE DID THIS TO ME -- BUZZ THAT BLAKE PIAMOND JOB-AND LET ME PAY FOR IT! HOW COULD I HAVE LOVED











SCARED THAT MY REPUTATION MOULD HURT YOU! I TRIED TO GET YOU OFF... SPENT EVERY LAST CENT I HAD ON POLITICIANS, FLERS, EVERYBODY... BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! HONEY, LOOK AT ME! I'VE BEEN SICK AND HEART-BROKEN... FOR YOU!





OH, BABY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! FROM NOW ON,
THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT ... WE'LL BOTH GET



"CIJE OIDN'T KNOW WHAT PRISON HAD DONE TO ME, HOW IT HAD CHANGED ME! I WOULD NEVER GO BACK TO POVERTY NOW.--NOT AFTER THE PRICE I HAD PAID!"

FORGET UOBS, BUZZ! THIS TIME
THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT! NO
MISTAKES, NO POLICE -- ARE YOU
GAME TO CONTINUE OUR PARTNER.
SHIP -- WITH BISGER STAKES?







"BT WAS SO EASY THAT AS I LOOK BACK ON IT NOW, I WONDER I DIDN'T SUSPECT! ROD EMERSON FELL FOR MY ACT -- HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER!"

IT'S HIGHLY CONFIDEN
I'M A GOOD
SECRETARY
BUT WORK MISS PHILLIN
BUT WELL MAYBE
MR. EMERSON! I IM CRAZY TO PLAY
HUNCHES BUT I
THINK YOU'LL BE
SCHOOL—AND
PERFECT! YOU'RE
I DO NEED
MIREO!













P POUGHT DOWN THE RIGING

SHAME WITHIN ME AS I REPORTED









































GREAT! -- ROY. WE'RE ALL SET. GET SOME I'VE FOU THE PERFECT TYPE THIS GAL AND SUESC A MATINDAI SPLASH HER FOR THE RUBES TO GO FOR! AND I'VE LOCAL GOT HER SO HOOKED PAPERS!

ALL OVER THE THAT I'LL MAKE HER ASK ME IF SHE CAN JOIN THE TROUPE!

ROY, DID YOU I HEARD YOU, ALL HEAR ME RIGHT! BUT I WAS JUST THINKING THAT ARE YOU THIS CIRCUS'S PUBLICITY DAISY HERE IS AGENT OR SOME HUMANS ARE YOU NOW --- AT I FAST ANGLING FOR SHE'S GOT A THE ANIMAL HEART! FEEDER'S















-- ALL RIGHT, ALL LISTEN I PICKED RIGHT! I'LL PLAY YOU UP OUT OF A THE PAPERS - BUT MACY AND MADE I STILL SAY A PRESS AGENT YOU'RE ASKING OUT OF YOU! AND TOO MUCH OF NOW YOU'RE HER! SHE DOESN GONNA DO WHAT HAVE ENOUGH I TELL YOU -- OR EXPERIENCE YET! GET OUT: ONE MISSTEP AND ---!



"A PEW DAYS LATER, I SUDDENLY REALIZED THE PAPERS WERE FLOODED WITH PICTURES AND

ARTICLES ABOUT ME -- AND I KNEW I COULD THANK ROY

LEWIS FOR THAT!

OH, MR. LEWIS, TVE BEEN WANTING TO WANTED TO TO TALK TO WOUL TELL YOU HOW. TOOL! OUR IS JUST PLEASED I AM EXPLOITING YOU AND THE SAME A





















## **BEST BUY FOR FISHING FANS!**



The Blue Stripe Fishing Set includes all the fishing equipment necessary for pole and line fishing, trolling, or bait casting Equipment just like Dad's, You'll have lots of happy hours hooking a string of fish with this light, handy, compact set.

The rod has action, strength, balance - just what a fisherman wants when he is trying to make long occurate costs, It's a two piece oil-tempered 46-inch rad, made of "whippy" steel, and nicely balanced with a wooden

The "click" precision reel with a ratchet allows the line to play out smoothly, without jerking. Trigger control permits an instant stop and with this reel you'll never get a backlash. A little practice and you'll be able to lay the fly just where you want it-for more successful fishing.

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MY FIRST LOVE! I DANCED IN A CLOUD OF PERFUMED ROMANCE! THERE WERE JUST TWO PEOPLE IN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE ... MARK AND I!

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, BETH ... I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE REAL!



MARK'S MEMORY WAS SHORT! IN A SMALL TOWN, RUMORS SPREAD FAST BU! EVEN SO I WAS THE LAST TO HEAR THEM! AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE THEM WOULDN'T BELIEVE THEM, UNTIL ONE AFTERMOON...

THERE GOES MARK THAT BETH CHAPMAN WITH THAT NEW ADAMS OVER SIRL AGAIN! I HEAR HER THERE ? CHIEF ATTEACTION IS















































CALLED

OUTON





















I'M SORRY, MR. TRAVERS, THE ADAMS AGENCY CAN DO NOTHING FOR YOU! I WOULD ADVISE YOU TO TAKE YOUR PROBLEMS ELSEWHERE!



### AND...BACK TO BUSINESS AGAIN! I FOUND IT HARD TO DRIVE GLENN FROM MY MIND, MARD TO FORGET THE KISS WE HAD SHARED THAT NIGHT! BUT TO LOOK AT ME, NO ONE WOULD EYER SURFECT...

WE'LL NEVER

MISS ADAMS --- YOU'VE BEEN SWELL!

MISS ADAMS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE AGENCY RULES, FRANK AND I WISH TO ANNOUNCE OUR ENGAGEMENT!



### THIS PLAIN-LOOKING GIRL WAS BEAUTIFUL! LOVE HAD TRANS-FORMED HER. SO THAT SEE GLOWED! I FELT OLDER AND PLAINER THAN YER ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE SAID..."

YOU'RE A MARVEL, MISS ADAMS! I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW A WOMAN LIKE YOU, WITH NO PERSOWAL INTEREST IN ROMANCE, CAN BRING SO MUCH HAPPINESS TO

























## CLOTHES HORSE

MIKE ELLIOT had been away for two years and it felt great to be home again. It was wonderful to be on the way to his sister Elly's for one of those afternoon cocktail parties that made his sister a prize hostess. "Only one thing that bothers me," Mike thought, "and that's this girl she's been writing about, Elly's afraid I'm going to remain a bachelor . . . and she's bound to try match-making! I guess I've been hard to please . . . but this Phyllis Arnold she's been writing about sounds terrific! But she'll probably turn out to be another of Elly's momentary enthusiasms!"

He rang the doorbell and was admitted. For about ten minutes, Mike was swamped by friends who were happy to have him back. When the hubbub died down, he drew a deep breath and looked about the gay, colorful room. And then . . . Mike Elliot drew in his breath sharply. For there, in a far corner of the room, was the girl! She was slim and dark, and though Mike could not see the color of her eyes, he could see that they were large and luminous. He turned to his sister and said, "Elly, I want to meet that zirl!"

"Of course, you do!" Elly laughed.

"That's Phyllis Arnold!"

As they pushed through the crowd, Elly lowered her voice discreetly. "I might as well tell you now, Mike, Phyllis is being very ardently pursued by a very-rich guy . . . Victor Mace! He's ground here somewhere."

Mike didn't bother to answer. How could he, when he was looking down into the loveliest face in the world and wondering how long he must know this girl before he could kiss her?

Elly left them alone and for a moment they looked at each other. Then, without a word, they moved to the privacy of the terrace. It was a brief conversation . . one of those trite exchanges that people make upon first meeting. And all the time, Mike's eyes were on her face, and his thoughts were stronger than her soft musical voice.

Phyllis was saying something that ended in "don't you think so?" when Mike decided he could no longer wait! So, he reached over and put his arms around this beautiful girl. She came towards him, shyly and yet willingly, her lips raised. There were no words for that kiss, blended of fire and sweetness, of electric excitement and deep understanding. Reluctantly, Mike felt her lips free themselves from his. Reluctantly, he stepped back, away from this enchantement.

Then it happened! As he stepped back, his hand flipped a cocktail glass on a nearby tray, and the drink went splashing down the front of Phyllis' skirt, forming a long, ugly stain on the pale pink satin. He was not prepared for what followed. "Oh, how clumsy you are!" Phyllis cried, her voice sharp with dislike. "You've ruined this dress!"

"Yes, that's quite a boner, old man,"

Mike Elliott felt a surge of dislike as he faced the man who had stepped protectively to Phyllis' side. He knew instinctively that this must be Victor Mace . . . knew it by the way the newcomer dabbed at her dress with his handkerchief, knew it by the things he said

"Boorish, my dear, but what can you expect? Some fellows have a good deal of trouble acquiring manners, while others . . ."

Mike didn't wait to hear the rest.

He was sick at heart. This girl, who seemed to be a promise of love was a a clothes-horse! All she cared about

was the impression she made in that obviously expensive dress! He refused to listen to Elly's explanations as he turned and stalked out of the party. away from the bright chatter that had now become empty. All that week, he refused to discuss Phyllis at all, shutting off Elly's references to this girl

. . . this girl he thought he might

have loved . . .

It was a sunny day, a perfect day for the racetrack. Mike was almost relaxed and serene as his eyes scanned the crowd. "I'm lucky," he thought. "I've managed to shake off any stupid ideas I had about . . . her!" He caught his breath and knew he was lving to himself. For she was there, only three rows away, more exquisite, more tempting than ever. Suddenly, Mike forgot the bad dreams, the harsh images he had carried throughout the week. He knew only that his pulses began to pound at the sight of her!

Ignoring Victor Mace's lazy drawl, "See who comes!" Mike smiled at Phyllis, hoping that she would smile back. Like a miracle, it happened! Her eyes crinkled at the corners, her lips curved deliciously, as she extended her hand and invited Mike to join them. Nothing was said, and vet it was as though they were telling each other, "I love you! Later we will meet!"

"I can wait," Mike thought, touch-

ing a match to his pipe.

"Be careful!" Mace called, but it was too late. A tiny, glowing ember flew from Mike's pipe, landing on . Phyllis' shoulder. Before it could be brushed away, a small ugly hole seared the delicate cashmere.

"You . . . you're impossible!" Phyllis snapped, tears filling her eyes.

"Bad breeding," Victor Mace began, "leads to bad . .

"Feelings!" Mike finished. "You've said enough about manners, son! You've said enough about me, so . . . shut up!" His fist connected sharply with Mace's chin, and Mace slumped loosely back against the bench.

"As for you," Mike turned on Phyllis, "I give up! You look gracious, sweet, fine . . . but you're not! Sure, you're dressed to kill. I can see that! You're dressed to kill love!"

That night, he told Elly he was leaving the city, taking a job out of town, Elly argued, pleaded that he had not given Phyllis a fair chance. But Mike was through . . . finished.

Elly wouldn't let him leave until he had promised her one small thing. "I'm not asking much, Mike," she insisted. "All I want you to do is step into Mme. Adrienne's Salon and ask for Miss Arnold . . . today!"

Her request was strange enough to arouse Mike's newspaper blood. And so, he found himself in the lavish waiting room of the city's swankiest dress salon, saving to Mme. Adrienne, "I would like to speak with Miss Phyllis Arnold!"

"I'm so sorry," Mme, smiled, "but Miss Arnold I have been forced to dismiss! Twice in one week, she has damaged expensive models. Would you care to see another mannequin?"

"Mannequin!" Mike almost shouted the words, "You mean she . . . she was modelling those clothes? Was responsible for them? And I thought . . ."

He took the steps to Phyllis' apartment three at a time. When she opened the door. Mike knew exactly what to do . . . and did it! "Darling, I was stupid!" he murmured. "That first meeting should have told me all I need to know about you . ... all I ever want to know!"

"They told me you were wonderful, Mike," Phyllis smiled through her tears, "and the first time I saw you . . . and you kissed me . . ."

". . . will be nothing like this!" Mike promised, tilting her head back, drying her tears and bringing his lips close to hers.

And he kept his promise!











Yes, THAT'S THE WAY IT ALWAYS AD BEEN -- AS LONG AS I COULD REMEMBER! ALWAYS THAT TERRIFYING, SICKENING FEAR WHEN I WAS ALONE WITH A MAN! IT WAS LIKE THAT ALL THROUGH SCHOOL -- AND THEN CAME -- GRADUATION! NOW I'D HAVE TO FACE THE WORLD ... A HOSTILE FRIGHTENING WORLD --OF MEN!"



\*WE WERE ALONE -- ALONE IN THE OFFICE.

JOHNLY, JE ELT THE CLO BERGE RETURNING.

AS IF IN A DEEAN, I HEARD MIS VOICE -- AND

IT WAS PREPARENING."

I THINK YOU TYPED THIS REPORT?

ON THE MASTERS ACCOUNT -- WOULD

ON HOW DOING TO WEST.

PLEASE!



FOLLOWED JOB!
ALWAYS THINGS
WOULD GO WELLFOR A WHILEUNTIL MY STRANGE
FEAR FORCED ME
TO FLEE!
ONE DAY I SAW

AN ADVERTISEMENT

- A SICK WOMAN,
LIVING ALONE,
WANTED A
SECRETARY
COMPANION!
LIVING ALONE...

THERE WOULD BE NO MEN!





































I THEN
I WASN'T
CRAIY-- HERE
WAS SOMEONE
LIKE ME!
HE'D
NEYER
FRIGHTEN
ME--

SO, FOR
THE FIRST
TIME
I COULD
REMEMBER,
I FELT
COMPLETELY
AT EASE
WITH A
MAN!





FINGERS!"





"THE STILL NIGHT AIR WAS A CARESSING BLANKET AGAINST MY CMEEK — AND I WENT INTO HIS ARMS WILLINGLY CREGG'S NEARNESS WAS THRILLING.— HIS LIPS ON MINE WERE AS INTOXICATING AS A RARE OLD WINE!"



"I was in his arms-close-and then it Happened! This was a man holoing meand like awful phantoms from the past, all of My Old, Buried Fears Swarmed Back upon Me!"



\* I GOT BACK TO THE HOUSE... I STILL DON'T RED... SLEPT FINALLY!. IT MAS A SLEP OF BED... SLEPT FINALLY!. IT MAS A SLEP OF SHADOS. SO CHILDRING FOR SLEPT INTING SHADOS. SO CHILDRING FOR SLEW SHADOS. TO THE COURT OF SLEW SHADOS. TERRIFYING, NAMELESS DREAD!\*



EXHAUSTED!
SUDDENLY,
THROUGH MY
BENUMBED
SENSES, I SAW
A YISJON—
GREGG,
HIS FACE

PATIENT, KINDLY!
WHY, HE
WASN'T LIKE
THE MIGHTMARES
SHAPES OF
MY DREAMS—
NOT LIKE EARL
NOT LIKE EARL
WHY HAD
I RUN AWAY?
WHY?



"I HAD NEVER BEEN TO HIS HOUSE BEFORE! IT WAS A FENCED ESTATE, A BIG PLACE -- BUT IT SEEMED GENTLE, LIKE GREGG! PERHAPS BECAUSE OF THE IVY ON THE WALLS, THE TRELLIS -- THE TRELLIS!



-- BUT WAS IT? NO-IT COULDN'T BE-HE WAS TOO HORRIBLE! FASCINATED, I WATCHED HIM CREENING TOWARD. GREGO! THIS THING -- EVERY PULSING FEAR TO EVER KNOWN IN OWE FIRST HEND FORM! I TRIED TO CALL OUT... WARN GREGO-BEFORE IT



" HE STRUCK -- BUT BEFORE HE COULD STRIKE AGAIN, I ACTED -- DESPERATE IT WAS FOR MY LOVE -- " ERATELY!



" I COULD FEEL THE MAN'S REEATH SEE HIS MALL BEADY EVES -- AND THEN AN IMMENSE HAND

I HEARD GREGG SHOUTING --OTHER VOICES ... AND THEN ... "



"THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER, I WAS LYING ON A COUCH! I HEARD GREGG'S VOICE -- HE WASN'T



YOU WERE WONDERFUL -- THE WAY YOU LEAPED YOU WERE WONDERFUL THE WAY YOU LEAPED AT HIM - WONDERFUL SECAUSE I KNOW HOW TERRIFIED YOU WERE! I KNOW HOW YOU SELL ABOUT - MEM! THAT'S WHY I LIED TO YOU ABOUT MY BEING ARRAID, TOO - I WANTED YOU TO TRUST ME, SO I COULD













Greetings, all you friends of "Romantic Adventures!" It's the good old summertime-time for play-time for romance!

So-in honor of this grand season-we've planned an innovation! Especially for this issue, we are dedicating this special page of Readers Romances to those among you to whom love is new-a fresh, shining and glamorous emotion that fills life with a pulse-quickening excitement. We shall attempt to serve youth this time, knowing full well that its problems are the greater for the lack of experience

with which to solve them. And let's not underrate these problems. Even if they concern no more than date difficulties, they're all a part of the first stirrings of romance! And it's all-important that those among our younger readers who are experiencing boy-girl problems receive sage counsel, in order that they may get off on the right foot in a search for a happy solution to their difficulties. No, we're not going to neglect you older readers-see our next issue ample proof of that! For the present, however, let's delve into our mailbag, and see what's doing among the younger set. Here goes!

"Dear Editors:

I am a boy 15 years of age. I have never been on a real date with a girl, but would like to very much. All the other boys I know have girl-friends. I don't know why, but girls don't seem to take to me very well. I think that I am fairly nice-looking. To tell you the truth, though, I have never asked a girl for a date, and wouldn't know just exactly how to. Could you tell me what to do?

-M. N., Augusta, Ga."

Well, M.N., you have got a problem there! We could say that dates needn't be a problem until you're older, but there's no reason why you shouldn't go out if you want to. And about girls not taking to you-its only that your shyness has prevented them from

getting close to you. It will be an effort, but you can overcome it. Remember that nice girls want to go out with nice boys, and you sound like one. Just gather your courage and ask a few times-and you'll see that it isn't so hard!

"Dear Editors:

I am 16 years old and I am still in love with a boy whom I liked in grammar school. It probably was puppy love for him, but not for me. We go to the same high school, but I only see him in one class, I can't make myself talk to him. I try, but my face gets red, my eyes tear and I get all choked up. He likes to go out with his boy-friends and 'plays the field with girls. He seems to prefer girls who aren't so nice, but he is wonderful and comes from a good family. Please tell me how I can get him back. When we do talk. which isn't often, he brings up how we used to do things in grammar school, and that only makes me feel worse, because those were happy days. Please help me. I'm depending upon you!

-J. R., Buffalo, N. Y."

We can understand your problem, J.R.! Once again, shyness-and this time, from a girl! Obviously, you care a lot for this boy, since your feeling has remained unchanged from grammar school up. You can forget him "playing the field" with girls or preferring those who aren't so nice—the very fact that he likes to recall the things you did together in the past shows that he still thinks about you.

But you haven't given him a chance, Your shyness is keeping him at arm's length. Sure, you're selfconscious, ill at ease, afraid, and these are difficult things to conquer. But you've got to take a deep breath and wade in. Force yourself to talk to him whenever possible about things he's interested in, Invite him to your home. You'll find it getting easier as you go along—and then the battle's half-won!

"Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading how you solved a girl's problem, and I think you will be able to help me. I am 15, and my father doesn't allow me to date except on special oc-able to help me. I am 15, and my father doesn't allow me to date except on special oc-ner, and even then he insists on accompanying us. I go to a girla' school, and when-ever I go lo a school dance, I have to sak a boy to go with me. And I don't know when the boy thinks when I tell him that my father is taking us! Should I let my father take us to the dance until I am 16, or should I just stay at home? I like a certain boy very much, and wonder if I should let him kiss me goodnight if he should try. Also, how can I keep him interested in me? After our last date, he started ignoring me and taking out other girls.

-L. W., Houston, Texas."

Sounds like a predicament, L.W.! We know it's hard for a young girl not to be able to go out alone nard was young ger not to be some to go out assets on dates, and we can see where the boy involved might not go for it, either. But you must remember that your father means well, and is doing this because he has only your welfare in mind. Why don't you discuss the matter fully with him, setting forth your side of it just as you explained it to us? If he still wishes to accompany you, remember that it's

only until you're sixteen, and try to accept it. And in this case, explain things completely to your dateif he's a nice boy, we're sure he'll understand! It will help you to keep him, as will being good company and inviting him to your home. And as far as letting him kiss you is concerned, remember that kisses should not be easily given. But if you know him well and he's of good character, a simple and respectful goodnight kiss shouldn't be harmful!

## Learn Fingerprinting



get the
INKLESS—STAINLESS
G-MEN
FINGERPRINT SET

WHAT KIND OF FINGERPRINTS DO YOU HAVE?

Examine the tips of your fingers and you will notice the formation of ridges. These ridges usually form a LOGP, on ARCH, or a WHORL.



A LOOP fingerprint is one where the ridges enter on the side of the print and then recurve making a backward turn to flow out on the same side they entered.

An ARCH fingerprint is one where the ridge anters on one side of the impression and flows to the other side of the impression without turning back.



A WHORL is a fingerprint in which the ridges form a series of circles around the core of the pattern.

### HOW ARE FINGERPRINTS CLASSIFIED?



Police Depts, have many millions of fingerprint cords in their files. Each fingerprint card must be filed under some system so it can be quickly and eosily found. Learn what the DEITA and CORE are in a fingerprint, and why they are important for fingerprint classification.

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A latent print is a fingerprint, not visible to the naked eye left on furniture, glassware, etc. These latent prints are caused by the oily secretion on the tips of the fingers. Learn how to develop and make visible latent prints with the inkless-stainless G-MEN fingerprint set.

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Please send me G-Man Fingatprint Set(s)
Enclosed yeu will find cash or manay erder for th
sen of 1 understand their if one reason i on not satisfied with my exchase.

NAME

CITY \_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_STATE\_\_\_







\*I TRIED TO DISPEL MY LONELINESS BY GOING DOWN TO THE TERMINAL RESTAURANT! AND THERE WAS ARTHUR AGAIN -- THAT MOON-CALF LOOK STILL IN MIS FACE --AND SOMETHING ON HIS MIND!"

LISTEN, JOYCE, I'VE MEANT TO TELL YOU BEFORE! THIS WADE MANNING YOU'RE RUNNING AROUND WITH IS PURE POISON! HE'S THE LOVE 'EM, LEAVE 'EM TYPE! BETTER









OKAY, THIS'LL BE THE LAST
TIME I TROUBLE YOU WITH
MY ADVICE OR MY ATTENTIONS!
BUT JUST FOR THE RECORD,
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IN AT
THE COCKTAIL LOUNGE
ON YOUR WAY OUT!



"MY HEART WAS FILLED WITH COLD RAGE AT HIS LYING WORDS ABOUT WADE -- HIS BRITAL ATTEMPT TO DESTROY OUR LOVE! BUT A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY IS STRONG--SO I STOPPED OFF AT THE LOUNGE..."

WADE, DARLING, YOU SHOULDN'T BE DRINKING SO MUCH! YOU'RE SCHEDULED FOR

A FLIGHT!

AW, WHAT

KIND OF A MAN

WOULD I BE IF I

DIDN'T CELEBRATE

MY ENGAGEMENT

TO THE LOVELIEST GIRL

IN THE WORLD
EVE SAUNDERS!





"I STOOD THERE HORROR STRICKEN, REFUSING TO BELIEVE MY EYES OR EARS! AND THEN THE WORLD COLLAPSED AROUND ME, AND MY EYES WERE FILLED WITH BITTER, ANGUISHED TEARS!"



" IT HAD BEEN GLOWING LOVE TO ME -- BUT JUST A GAME TO WADE MANNING! I HAD TO REVENGE MY HURT, MAKE HER SEE HOW CHEAP AND SCHEMING HE WAS!"

WORKING ON SOMETHING THAT WOULD GET YOU IN WITH SAUNDERS, EH --- HIS DAUGHTER. AND AFTER ALL YOU TOLD ME ---







"BUT I STILL HAD MY DUTIES AS HOSTESS THAT NIGHT! PERHAPS THEY WOULD HELP ME TO FORGET MY PAIN AND GRIEF! BUT WHEN I BOARDED THE PLANE..."

FASTEN.YOUR SAFETY BELTS, PL ---ARTHUR! WHAT ---?

THERE WAS ONE
THING I FORGOT
TO TELL YOU, JOYCE—
I'M GOING BACK TO
MY HOME TOWN!
I ONCE THOUGHT THE

I'M GOING BACK TO
MY HOME TOWN!
I ONCE THOUGHT THERE
WAS SOMETHING TO
KEEP ME HERE -- BUT
THERE'S NOTHING
NOW!



" I OBEYED BLINDLY! ... AND

THEN ... COLD FEAR CLUTCHED

"JUST THEN ..."

LISTEN, WADE, YOU'RE IN NO SHAPE TO FLY! LET ME TAKE OVER TONIGHT!

GET YOUR
HAN' OFFA ME!
YOU'RE ONLY
CO-PILOT---AN'
YOU'RE TAKIN'
ORDERS FROM
ME! I'M ALL
RIGHT---JUS'
CELEBRATIN'
A LI'L---!











OHHH! --- WE'RE OUT

OF CONTROL!











"I SAN THINGS CLEARLY NOW -- REALIZED HOW SHALLOW MY INFATUATION FOR WADE HAD BEEN --HOW I HAD IGNORED, EVEN MOCKED THE ONE MAN WHOSE REAL, ENDURING WORTH HAD BEEN PROVEN TO ME! ... AND THEN ... "



TWEFT INTO HIS ARMS, WITH HIS LIPS THIS TIME FINDING MINE, I FELT DEEP TIDES OF ECSTACY SURGING THEOUGH ME - AND I KNEW THAT ART WAS THE ONLY MAN I'D EVER WANT!"







"Casey on The Mound"

BE LIAGUE BATERALE IN MINITURE

ACTION AND THEILLS FOR YOUNG AND OLD

THIS IS THE FINEST BASEBALL GAME EVER SOLD!!

NO DICE—NO CARDS—NO SPINNES

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is the newest, mos comfortable girdle

YOUR APPEARANCE! LOOK AND

SIXTEEN AGAIN! Don't look old before your time. Do as thousands of others do, wear a comfortable, new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST. O-BELT! The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new adjustable front panel controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and PRESTO your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

### MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the right places, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to nothingness no matter what shape you may now have. It's easily adjusted-always comfortable!

### TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDSI

Clasp your hands over your abdomen, press upwards and in gently, but firmly. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!



### APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly, It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant slenderizing figure control. It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. Like magic the UP-LIFT AD-IUST-O-BELT obeys your every wish. Pounds and inches seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight

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ter than any supporter you ever had, if You don't feel more comfortable, if you don't 100% IMPROVED, if you are not delighted

the girdle

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